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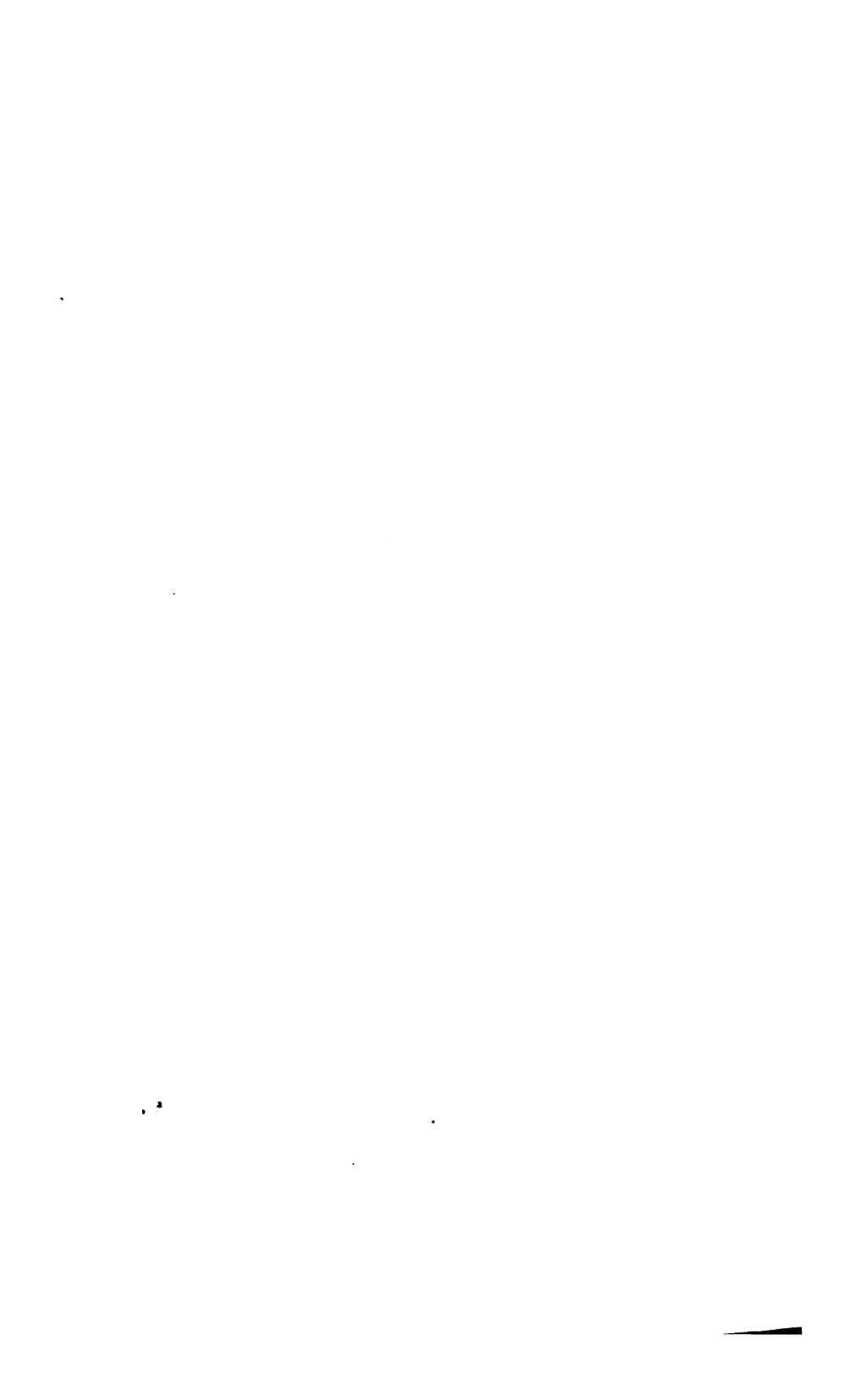
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IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO THE
Political Prisoners,
IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF THE
DAYS AND YEARS GONE BY,
AND IN
STRONGEST HOPES FOR THE YEARS BEFORE.

INTRODUCTION.

The pamphlet, "Revolution, and After," is so glaring in its full-faced attempt to blacken the "Reform Movement," and all connected with it, that the author of this story felt constrained to write this little counterblast. May it, at least, stay any prejudging effects the scurrilous pamphlet ostensibly wishes to bring about.

Those who have read the "Revolution, and After," will bear in mind that there is another side to the subject. *Read that also!* And in the following pages you have it: *Read carefully!* Judge not hastily! And who shall separate us from the "Reform Movement?" Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any creature.

As the New advances the Old must recede. Only be patiently Brave.

JAMESON'S * HEROIC * CHARGE, *

A COMPLETE

Vindication of the Reform Movement.

A TRUE STORY.

Amidst all the surging mass of vituperative abuse with which the Boer element is seeking to besmirch the heroic name of Dr. Jameson, it will be as well before proceeding to give a true and graphic history of Jameson's Ride and what led up to it, to turn the hands of the clock back for a few moments. If you were to ask the unprincipled Englishman, who is low enough to use his every effort in blackening the case of his countryman, Who it was that years ago crossed over into Bechuanaland and contiguous countries, and pillaged and murdered natives and white men alike? Who it was that ravished women and shot down children? Who it was that rushed off in droves, the cattle belonging to the defenceless natives? The prompt and laconic answer would be *Bosh!* Nevertheless it is a matter of history that the Transvaal Boers crossed into the very country which sent forth Jameson; and that the Boers without rhyme or reason cleared the numb and stricken inhabitants before them, whilst they, the Boers, swept off the goods and chattels of the natives over the Transvaal Border:—it is an equally well-established fact that the British Government were compelled, at an enormous sacrifice of money to send out a huge expedition, under Colonel Warren, to clear out the shadow that had fallen across and brought death into the homes and valleys of the Bechuana. The Boers, who crossed into Rooigrond, are the veritable personification of malice, falsehood, and all uncharitableness; beings made up of treason and cor-

ruption. He and his caste are unto this day the plague of this country, and the terrible clog that is encircling the expansion of this city—and indeed that of the whole of South Africa—with a band of malice and corruption, which, if it is permitted to continue, spells nothing less than moral, physical and political ruin. Those who have studied the Boers, as I have done, will recognise that my words are only too terribly true. But I deem it a privilege to admit that certain of the Boer classes whom I have known, and know, are the very souls of Honour, and that their hearts and lives are purified by the exercise of every Christian virtue; they, by the inherent grandeur of their moral nature may keep themselves unspotted from the greed of ground and oxen that is almost an ingrained trait in the Boer character, but the majority who lack the simple soul and ethical elevation of aim of a Hofmeyr, are sunk in a cesspool of corruption and grasping avarice, and under the Ægis of the Vierkleur they have committed dark deeds which only the fierce and awful publicity of the great day of Account could ever bring home to the recognition and conscience of Mankind.

The word of God is the close companion of every Boer, as is his rifle, and he has again and again used the former as a pretext for discharging the latter, and the perpetration of such vice and the spreading of such misery as can never be described by the pen of man or god or fiend

Mr. Paul Kruger as the representative of the lower Boer has thundered forth from the very sanctuary of the Holy One, and out of the sacred pages texts to justify Boer aggression and Boer cruelties upon those people cursed—FOR EVER CURSED—with black skins; texts such as this, viz :—"Both thy bondsmen and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you; of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land; and they shall be your possession; they shall be your bondmen forever."—LEV. xxv. 44-6.

Those who urge that it was the heathendoms that existed before the birth of Christianity that is responsible for slavery had better find some way of getting these verses in Leviticus expunged from the Book of God. May I suggest, in the interest of Paul Kruger and family, that they appoint a solemn fast day,

in which they may importune the Deity in prayer to ask him if he really wrote these verses, and whether if he did really write them, he meant what he wrote? The poor heathen would be grateful also for a little enlightenment on this point. But many doubtless will deny that the filibustering raid into Rooigrond, and compared to which Jameson's conduct is sparkling with saintliness, ever bore fruit in actual slavery.

Here is one typical case taken at random from scores :—
 “ My name is Sara, I am about 24 years of age, on Monday last I was discharged from the Pretoria goal, after being imprisoned for two months. I was sent to prison because I was said to have been impudent to a white woman. I was stolen away from my home in Rooigrond by Boers. I was not impudent, but Mrs. — said I had enticed a girl Rachel to run away. The fieldcornet came with a black constable and said ‘ Catch that impudent woman and take her to prison ’ Maraba said that I should be taken to the Landdrost first. The Landdrost said that I must pay a fine of £3 or go to the tronk for two months and receive twenty-five lashes. I was tied up by the wrists and legs, and was flogged until I fainted. The blood came out of my back where I was flogged. I had all my clothes taken off with the exception of a chemise, which was held round my loins. The next day I was told to go and wash the Landdrost's clothes. His maid, Mavisa, told the Landdrost that I would not wash the clothes. I did not say so ; but I could not wash, as my back was too sore. Mavisa had been twice flogged by order of the Landdrost. The Landdrost ordered me to be put in the stocks and I was kept there for two days without any food.”

So much for the position of women in a simple and God-fearing community uncontaminated with the higher civilisations of Europe. So much for men who have never heard of Herbert Spencer, who read only their Bible. Christianity half vanquished by humanity is now ashamed of slavery and repudiates it, it devolves upon us in the cause of truth, to show that in the Transvaal, as things are at present, an effective repudiation is impossible. The present christian government of this country, though it pretends to be a divine eidolon, majestic as Heaven, mighty as God, is only a base and corrupt beauracracy, one that is ever altering its form and fashion to suit its own selfish ends and desires as it drags its hypocritical career along.

Read the pages of the *Critic* for months, day years past, and

in this steadfast, fearless, pulse resisting of past events, read of the damnable deeds of this Boer government

From Rooigrond Bethel's blood has cried and is crying for vengeance. Can any man attempt to justify that horrible, sickening Boer raid into Rooigrond with all its attendant horrors?

Who was it that crossed into Vryheid, and at the cost of life and property, and amidst a perfect deluge of horrors wrested this ground from its rightful owners whilst all the world winked?

The blot of slavery, like the infamy of persecution,—Johannesburg has tasted of that infamy even to the bitterest dregs—defaces the escutcheon of the Free State Boer and the Transvaal Boer alike. Neither can, as far as slavery is concerned, say to the other, stand back; I am holier than thou. There may be degrees and variations of intensity under the rule of Blignaut or Kruger, but the lash falls as before on the black man, and all slave abominations live and flourish in the lands of the Blikoor and the Vaalpens.

Good God! What scenes have not those plains of Magato or Malaboch's lands witnessed? No new light from the holy sheen of heaven, or even from the lurid glare of hell, illumined the terrible carnage of men, women and children, and the carrying away and bartering of the souls of such unfortunates who were captured. The green sod over the graves of many is the testimony of how defenceless people have been murdered. Thousands live in bondage to-day, wrenched from home, torn away from mother, husband and child to drag on a miserable weary life until death comes as a boon and a blessing.

Begin how it may among native races, the Boer effort eventuates in war and bloodshed, murder, slavery and extermination. To the heathen the gospel message of peace, as preached by Oom Paul, is absurd, inapplicable, terribly fatal. Did the Boer cross into Rooigrond to save the dwellers therein from the meshes of a cruel, grasping, corrupt system of government, to aid them in securing legitimate political rights? No! Everyone knows that the entry, sanctioned mind you, openly by their rulers, was one of theft and murder.

Who was it again that sought to cross the Limpopo, into another land grabbing, cattle thieving, humanity killing tour, and were only restrained by the interference of England? Was

it not the Boer, and did not the present government aid until the game was up?

Who was it that crossed British territory, to oppose British arms and shot down British soldiers? Who but the Free State Boer, and that with the tacit consent of his superiors!

With the Boer the Bible takes the lead, but the rifle is not far behind. The gospel may be active in the front, but gunpowder is ready in the rear. Where is the heathen nation the Boer has christianised? The vacuity of Erewhon answers, Where? A mournful Nemesis answers, they are in their graves. The land in which they lived is said to be christianised, but that land knows them no more. Primitive truth and simple valour are in their tomb, and gin shops, and gospel shops, and gambling hells, and brothels, and cheats, and liars cover the realm where such curses and Boer civilization were unknown, when, if all were wild and barbaric, it was at least honest and pure; where simple man was compatible with his simple environments, where life was a savage epic and death a religious dream, where the pure sky was not sullied with the smoke of canting cities and the breath of lies, where heaven lay near, and the meridian sun was the shield of the eternal, and the midnight stars were the eyes of God.

How long? Oh men of England, in your noble generosity and emotional benevolence, will you contribute to funds and get up bazaars to enable ministers to live on the heathen and keep quiet as to the iniquities perpetrated by the Boer. It takes a savage of the meanest capacity to believe in the Bible, simply because the practice and theory of the christian creed, as taught and exemplified in the life and teaching of the Boer are not in harmony. It will be conceded by every thoughtful and observant man that the Boer has again and again committed filibustering raids into neighbouring territories without even the semblance of a justifiable reason for so doing, and during such lawless excursions he has committed inhumanities and cruelties, and tortures of the blackest and most abhorrent description.

Now let us turn to Dr. Jameson's so called iniquitous filibustering expedition, and the bloody complot of which it is said to be but an incident, and trace the ways that led up to it, and when we have arrived at the summit of our unenviable position, answer the question whether there existed an atom or a mountain of justification for Jameson to act as he did? And

before going on any further it will be well to bear in mind that man never was entirely perfect. 'That every mighty empire has risen to fame by swift deeds of heroism.

I expect that it is from the fact of our first parents having sinned that we are all so villainously bad. The old Scots minister said : "A kirk without a hell is na worth a damn." And for Eden's ancient and idyllic apple eating feast kirk and hell, temple and tophet, liberty and slavery, cowardice and bravery, are going on gloriously—cheek for jowl, even to the present hour. It remains to be seen which was the more brave and heroic and which the less venal—the Rooigrond raid or the raid from Rooigrond.

Every man in this city, and every man in the Transvaal, who is not heir to Burgher rights, is aware that, politically, he has no voice in the affairs of this his adopted home. That his children, coming after him, will become political nonentities if the present unjust system is permitted to prevail into the future. We all know that we love liberty, that we have been born and bred on free soil and have freedom instilled into every drop of our blood, that we came here to stay and build up a mighty land with freedom as our watchword

How we found ourselves curbed by those who rapidly dwindled into the minority. That we *begged, beseeched, exhorted*, of such to receive us into fellowship. We were told that such things could only come about over the slain forms of Kruger and the Boer party. Our petitions were swept underfoot : why, said they these signatures are all forgeries ! True, the Boer has offered us a form of naturalization. But what is it ? Firstly, he extracts £5 from you, and then he demands forswearance of all former allegiances, and when we have done all this he offers us a stone in return.

In the sacred purlieus of the Legislative corridors, the Boer challenged us to fight, and our wily monarch metaphorically denounces us as tortoises, mean grovelling, thick-skinned ground grubbers, and further goes on to say, let them put out their damn heads and we will lop them off. In other words, let them demand liberty, and we will give them slavery. Some day red revolution will come in red earnest—his avatar a terrible cry, at which the world will shudder.

Kruger is forcing down Johannesburg's throat a goblet of fire, and in goaded frenzy Johannesburg will turn delirious.

One slight shock rends a globe, and a gloom of preternatural darkness falls upon the whole world, what will be the effect of a complete arousal. Surely Freedom socially, religiously and politically is our Just right as civilized beings coming from free lands, coming to a Christian land, and becoming owners of two-thirds of our new homeland. Here we have no political rights, and our very speech and religious views are hampered. Freedom of speech and writing, and a voice in the regulation of internal affairs is something which every Transvaaler should understand or support, be he Jew or Gentile, be he Boer or Uitlander. It is the weapon of Right, and the shield of Virtue, and the protector of our life and property. It is the good man's hope, and the bad man's terror.

Peace hath her victories, in the war of ideas, which unlike the strife of arms, improves, elevates, and refines the contestants, and advances the intellectual and moral condition of mankind. The only legitimate object of human government is to secure to each individual of the community, the free and unrestrained exercise of those rights, and also the undisturbed enjoyment of those benefits which result from the constitution of man, and the social state in its most perfect form. The man, be he a Kruger or a Wolmarans, who gives his influence in opposition to freedom of the tongue and freedom of the press is so far, unmeaningly may be, an enemy to the very Burgher community in which he lives and the race to which he belongs. And every man of us should bear in mind that it is only by so airing our grievances that we are likely to be heard, *and heard to effect*. Let the voice be the voice of the tongue of human kindness or the roar of the cannon, we *must* make ourselves heard. Every man, *remember* each man is affected and every one amongst us must pull all one way. In some small degree, as Harrison says, the humblest life that ever turned a sod sends a wave—no, more than a wave, a life—threw the ever-growing harmony of human society. Not a soldier died at Marathon or Salamis but did a stroke by which our thought is enlarged and our standard of duty formed at this day. As we live for others in life so we live for others after death; and others have lived in us, and all for the human race. Every word we now utter must be carefully weighed. We must speak and walk only on the road that leads to Liberty:—Come Life, come Death, let our cry be Liberty!

Then again, the great Franchise Question, the question of emancipation from political slavery is not our only complaint against the Transvaal Government. The Railway is in the hands of a mercenary corporation having its domicile in the land of dams and dykes, and from that corporation rolls forth enactments which hamper our business life, stultify our commercial growth, and sap our banking accounts to well-nigh ruin point. The Railway, as at present ministered, is an irresistible tide dead set against us.

The most barefaced efforts have been made to foster the Lands-taal, so called, and to smother our Mother Tongue. Thousands of our dearest, our children, are growing up in ignorance, and there is every possibility that a large proportion of the youngsters toddling about our streets, must, by circumstances controlled by the State, be driven into a disgraceful, degraded, criminal manhood. To somewhat counterbalance this we have been compelled to tax ourselves, after we have been already bled to faintness, so as to give our children a chance. As C. Leonard truly says, "The iniquity of denying education to the children of men who are paying taxes is so manifest," that I pass on with mingled feelings of anger and disgust.

But, Lord, in the eyes of Paul we are but perdition doomed, money hunters, and can go on without Franchise or Education. But have a care, Oh, Great Krugerus; it is far easier to create rebels than to subdue. You are nourishing a whelp that is fast becoming a full-grown dog, and he will not hesitate to bite to some purpose some day. You have trodden on my toes till you have crushed my phalanges, and broken my metatarsal bones, and, with my pen for a canine tooth I bite everything in the shape of misgovernment that you cast in the political matrix. If for this you sit upon your blue throne and shoot me down, I will only say, for this I would not shoot you down. If for this the Free Staters can do no better than send an army against us, I can only say we would treat them differently. If for this Fischer permits himself to be hoodwinked and surrounded by a halo of forgery and description, and shouts with all his might that our demands are flimsy, we can only say we would not treat him and the likes of him this wise. If Oom Paul orders me and my friends to prison because I and they have been rebelliously honest and straightforward, we only say, for this, we would not send him to Prison.

Let our positions be reversed for one while ; you be Phillips, the rebel, and I Paul, the Krugerus, I should not doom you to be vilely treated by dirty, unwashed, armed Boers, to whom Pears would be a merciful saviour, I should not have your women and children searched and treated with discourtesy, I should not compel you to be a slave with a political halter round your neck, I should not, with your money, buy corruptions of all conditions, oh no, I should do none of these. I should say : Poor old man, you have burned your light with the utmost vigour and intense flame that your quality of oil and thickness of wick would allow. You may have done badly, but you have done your best. You have dusted me down to the tune of £8,000 per annum, but I forgive you ; there is for you a lovely farm, a nice quiet corner where you can cogitate upon my might and majesty in building this state to its present proportions ; there is a good old thatched roof house, a wagon, a fine spanking span of reform bullocks, a fine old vrouw and half a score of chubby kids Be happy ! Or if you do not approve of scclitude come along take one handle of the plough and let us live and work together in unity. Peace must follow. Without unity peace is not.

In the words of the notorious Manifesto the policy of the government in regard to taxation may be practically described as protection without production. The most monstrous hardships result to consumers, and merchants can scarcely say from day to day where they are. Twice now has the government entered into competition with traders who have paid their licences and rents and who keep staffs. It has been the steady policy of the government to grant concessions. No sooner does any commodity become absolutely essential to the community than some harpy endeavours to get a concession for its supply. Who has not heard of the bread and jam concession, the water concession, the electric light concession, and the dynamite concession and heaven knows how many more. If old horney applied for a concession to start a small brimstone show near Johannesburg it would be granted with the utmost alacrity. By one concession alone Mr. ——— Lippert draws £600,000 per annum, viz : By means of the Dynamite concession. The curious feature about this dynamite rascality is the government gets some petty fraction of this enormous sum, and the concessionaires have, on this plea, obtained vast advances of public

monies from the government, without security, to carry on their trade

Mr. Wolmarans, a member of the government, has been for years challenged to deny that he is enjoying a royalty of 2s. on every case of dynamite sold, and up to this moment he has abstained from taking the gauntlet. Proper municipal government is denied to us, and we all know how much that means with regard to health, comfort, and value of property. The statute books are disfigured with enactments imposing religious and other disabilities; and the English language—the language spoken by the great bulk of the people—is denied all official recognition.

It has been the set purpose of the government to repress the growth of the mining industry, to tax it at every turn, and, there is no mistaking the significance of the action of the President when he opposed the throwing open of the town lands of Pretoria on the ground that he might have a second Johannesburg there, nor that of his speech upon the motion for the employment of diamond drills to prospect government lands, which he opposed hotly on the ground that there is too much gold here already.

Then we had openly the policy of force revealed to us. £250,000 is to be spent upon the completion of a fort at Pretoria. £100,000 is to be spent upon a fort at Johannesburg to terrorise its inhabitants. Large orders were sent to Krupp for big guns; maxims have been ordered and it was even openly stated that German officers were on order to drill the Burghers. Are these things necessary, or are they calculated to irritate the feeling to breaking point. What necessity could there be for forts in peaceful inland towns? Why should the government endeavour to keep us in subjection to unjust laws by the power of the sword, instead of making themselves live in the heart of the people by a broad policy of justice? What can be said of the policy which deliberately divides the two great sections of the people from each other instead of uniting them under equal laws, or of the policy which keeps us under and in eternal turmoil with the neighbouring States? And Mr. Leonard further reasons strongly and forcibly: "I think this policy can never succeed unless men are absolutely bereft of every quality which made their forefathers free men, unless we have fallen so low that we are prepared to forget honour, self-respect, and our duty to our children."

Once more I wish to state in unmistakable language, what has been so frequently stated in perfect sincerity before, that we desire an independent Republic, which shall be a true Republic, in which every man who is prepared to take the oath of allegiance shall have equal rights; in which our children shall be brought up side by side as united members of a strong commonwealth. We are animated by no race hatred; we desire to deprive no man, be his nationality what it may, of any right. Now let us view, calmly and dispassionately, what the demands of the uitlanders were. Here they are, and we openly defy the whole world to show any just cause or impediment why they should not be granted:—

1. The establishment of this Republic as a true Republic.
2. A Grondwet or constitution which shall be framed by competent persons selected by representatives of the whole people, and framed on lines laid down by them, a constitution which shall be safeguarded against hasty alterations.
3. An equitable Franchise Law and fair representation.
4. Equality of the Dutch and English languages.
5. Responsibility to the legislature of the heads of the great departments.
6. Removal of religious disabilities.
7. Independence of the Courts of Justice with adequate and secured remuneration of the judges.
8. Liberal and Comprehensive Education.
9. An efficient Civil Service, with adequate provisions for pay and pension.
10. Free Trade in South African Products.

And yet wonderful to relate, the Government point-blank refused to accede to our prayers. No matter how just our claims they were simply kicked on one side. The National Union, year in and year out tried conciliatory measures, until its leaders were sickened unto death and they were compelled to give it up.

Witness, High God, whose name Religion has vulgarised and degraded, that I am no venal writer, who burns the midnight oil for the sheen of Mammon's gold, or the green chaplet of Ambition's laurel. I write because I know and respect the Uitlanders, and would redeem them from the dungeon into which they have been thrown by this Government—the dungeon

of despair. He who cannot hate cannot love. Hate and love are the reverse and obverse side of the same medal. Loving the Uitlander and his sacred cause of Liberty, I hate his enemies ; and therefore, bitter, rancorous and implacable, I assault tyranny with righteous rage, with pitiless ridicule.

On a rock, in the gloom, I sit on the cismortal shore on the sea of time, and the wild wind waves around me the mantle of the prophetic seer. Through a rift in the clouds there falls a glimmer of light from the stars. And, in the mystery realm that the flash of the prophets eye kindles into being, I behold the dawn from the horizon of a new heaven upon the rim of a new earth. That heaven holds no God who is a tyrant ; that earth holds no man who is a slave. The Transvaal of today has no place in such a heaven or such an earth.

Small mercy to such men as Clive Baynes, who forgetting the traditions of their own land, seek because of filthy lucre to belittle their own kith and kin. Smaller scraps to the vampire who under cover of a *nom de plume*, seeks to prejudge the world against men who have proved themselves in every way worthy to lead ; and seeks to do so in a string of ghastly falsehoods. But let us proceed with the story before us.

When the National Union gave up all hope, the capitalist stepped in. Men like Lionel Phillips, George Farrar, Francis Rhodes, J. Hays Hammond, and others, saw that complete disorganization of the mining industry, principally through the native labour department would inevitably result from the Government policy of withholding the pass system, and that something must be done, some determined step must be taken to shift the Government from its apparently unshakable position. Soft words had been tried over and over again, hard words must follow. It was resolved after most earnest and careful deliberation to import a sufficient stock of arms and ammunition wherewith to defend the town in case the Government showed fight ; but no single member of the Inner Circle, in his wildest dreams, ever intended to annihilate the present Government. It would have been just as easy to have imported 50,000 rifles as it was to bring in 2,500. But 50,000 were not wanted. 2,500 were considered quite sufficient to make the necessary glitter wherewith to squeeze from the Government those things which the world considered we were fairly entitled to. But, suggested Mr. Farrar at one of the secret meetings held in June 1895, suppose

the Boer does not cave in but comes down upon Johannesburg like a wolf on the fold, where would we be?

THEN! the suggestion was made, in the premature carrying out of which our whole cause has gone to the devil: viz., that of communicating with Jameson, and requesting aid from him in the event of so fearful an emergency occurring. Dr. Jameson was communicated with and the outcome was that the Dr. promised to come to the aid of Johannesburg whenever Boer invasion threatened to slaughter its inhabitants, and on no other pretence whatever! These are simple statements of facts. The yarns about startling documents, bloody complots, Rhodes' hellish villany, as related in "Revolution, and After," are the devilish imaginations of a low cur, one bent on money-making at the hands of Uitlander over the corpses of the slain and across the shield of Justice. To vilify men months before the trial comes on is surely an outrage on common decency and the author of such shameful conduct is deserving of something infinitely worse than tar and feathers.

By the way, it will be as well for the Government to explain how this man obtained access to telegraph messages, and to documents which are supposed to be in the sacred repository of the Government archives, or can it be possible that the Government are the instigators of the dirty scurrilous pamphlet. It has the appearance of grasp, greed and malice aforethought: and moreover there is an unpleasant authoritative odour oozing from its pages. With an effrontery, happily unknown outside of Transvaal mendacity, the writer of the pamphlet promises in a day or two to publish startling documents entirely compromising the case of the Political Prisoners. Bear in mind the case does not come on until April, and you have the measure of the man-fiend! The mere idea of Government setting so great store upon the documents as even to refuse a view of them to the Volksraad, and the forced conclusion that we are driven to, that if Mr. Pamphleteer is to be taken at his word, they have been permitted to pass into his hands for the purpose of money-making, and at the same time prejudging the case of the prisoners in the eyes of the public, stirs into being a flash of devilish humour, which is without a parallel in its mockery.

The plan of the now re-organised and re-constituted Reform Committee was as follows—the meeting of the 6th was to be followed by a big petition to Volksraad, failing success, a grand

display of arms was to be made, and it was felt the Government would yield without one effort of resistance. If Government were obdurate even to the mobilization of a Burgher force Dr. Jameson was to be called in.

But now disaster came in stealthily unawares. One man turned traitor and the government paid a handsome price for the complete plan of campaign of the Reform leaders. The government, to their everlasting shame, did not then and there snuff out the irregular part of the Reform movement, but deliberately set themselves to work, to shape out a course of action which ere long will convince their best friends that the government are by no means free of guile. Fieldcornets were ordered to be on the *qui vive*. Telegraph clerks were taken from the local offices and distributed at different important centres. Dr. Leyds and Mr. Weinthal were dispatched to Europe on a diplomatic mission to Germany. The assistance of Germany was to be secured at any price in the event of the Transvaal finding itself in a quandary. To nip the movement in the bud, to bring about complications by which the suzerainty could be thrown off, and the internal and external independence of the country made absolute, it was desirable to hasten on events. Natives were stirred into motion, threatening the lower portion of Bechuanaland, and this served to bring down Jameson and a small force to the nearest point of the Transvaal border, exactly the move. The government gave visible signs, by the massing of Burghers on the heights of Pretoria, that they were perfectly aware of the uitlanders' movements, and, of course, forced the uitlander into immediately starting operations, wholly unprepared as he was now proved to be. A false letter and an equally false telegram were sent to Jameson to "hurry up, the Boers were playing old harry in Johannesburg." Who sent that telegram, and who drafted that letter? As heaven bears witness it was not the work of the Reform Committee. The Reform Committee were dumbfounded on receipt of the news that Jameson had crossed the border. Every effort was made to stop him. Telegrams and messages were dispatched with frantic haste. Who intercepted those messengers? Who stayed the hand of peace and launched forth the jaws of death? These are the questions that must and will be answered. And the replies will open the eyes of kings, princes, and governors. Anyone who has at all studied this question and walked about

on the sea of rumours that has assailed us on and from all sides, must have been conscious of coming to a deadlock ; of running against a blank wall which barred all progress. We must patiently wait on for a full disclosure. The government profess to have documents, sufficiently incriminating, to hang every man of the Reform Committee, and the Reform Committee for all that calmly await developments. We may believe what goes beyond our experience that, what we do not know is like what we know. We may believe the statement of another person, when there is reasonable ground for supposing that he knows the matter of which he speaks, and that he speaks the truth so far as he knows it. It is wrong in all cases to believe on insufficient evidence, and where it is presumptuous to doubt and to investigate, then it is more than presumptuous to believe. Truth and belief are as necessary to each other as are the upper and nether jaws of the shark. A ravenous and most terrible shark's maw the government are proving to be just now ; but as for believing the tall yarns anti uitlanders are darkening the earth with, dear, no ! just as well believe the story about Oom Paul having chartered two sailing vessels by means of which to capture London.

The manifesto which was prepared by the Brothers Leonard was universally received with great satisfaction. It was a worthy and unvarnished recital of the uitlander's grievances. That document was not drafted straight away on the spur of the moment. Its authors felt the unspeakable responsibility resting upon them. They knew that come certain circumstances the declaration of the document might blow a tearing tempest, which could not, no matter how things went, subside down to the kind of tiny puff that is emitted from the domestic bellows. The document was carefully read and revised from right to left and from left to right until we have it now in its perfect state. The manifesto is the Liebeg's extract of the uitlanders' grievances—is, in fact, the whole truth and nothing but the truth in a nutshell. The document found an uneasy reception at Pretoria. The government had all along been aware of what was to come, of the startling, daring stand Johannesburg was determined to make, but for all that, with the advent of the manifesto, came a depressing consciousness that injustice was bringing about a full crop of tares. For many nights the President scarcely slept a wink.

On the 28th and 29th there was an unmistakable feel of "canon-thunder in the air." Not a few of the Reform Committee were asking themselves would the movement for reforms degenerate into mere noise and stupid effervescence of urgent enthusiasm. The crowds in the streets grew in numbers momentarily. Every one was in an attitude of suspense to which was added a certain fear, the fear of that spectre which had risen in other lands with bloody hands to push back that liberty so longed for and seemingly so unattainable in the Transvaal.

Then the *Star* made the announcement of Jameson's having crossed the border, and nearly every man and woman we met in Commissioner and Simmonds Street had bought a paper and were reading it intently. The little newspaper boys grasped the opportunity and doubled the price of the paper. At the height of the fires of enthusiasm it was felt that a single misunderstanding, an angry movement on the part of the police would have been sufficient to occasion fearful scenes: the Government recognised it as a supreme duty to remove the police entirely and the town was forced to keep its own peace and order. How it did so during the most intensely stirring scenes the South African world has ever witnessed, is now a subject of the greatest astonishment. The officials of the town found themselves in an extremely delicate position. They had heard that the Provisional Government had been proclaimed, that it had taken up head-quarters at the Gold Fields Consolidated Buildings, and that the whole town, almost to a man, had fraternised with the Reform Committee, but they, the officials, were under the shadow of their oath of allegiance, and could not as men desert their posts. They stuck manfully and fearlessly to their positions, and whilst in no way aiding or abetting the Reform Movement no active aggressiveness against it was displayed. All praise and honour to Schutte, Von Brandis, Van der Merwe, and Van den Berg.

The people now stood in masses, then in groups, thronging into the streets, bustling around the assembly room of the Reform Committee and every man stood in trembling excitement. Towards one o'clock on the 31st, a martial vigour became only too apparent, men could be seen with guns on their shoulders hurrying hither and thither, and the shopkeepers immediately began to put up their shutters.

The tremendous speeches made by Lionel Phillips and George Farrar had days previously completely ingratiated the different sections of the community. The merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the medicine man, the parson, the baker, the butcher, and every other trade, naturally cast aside everything and flocked to the bidding of the organization which was every moment rapidly approaching a state of warlike mobilization. No one stopped for a moment to enquire if the movement was destined to end ingloriously or in a mighty harvest of peace and liberty. The news was flashed to the Government that fully 20,000 men were under arms, and that they were drilling on every available vacant space, that the miners were out, that blood was up, that the people were determined to claim its own peaceably, or with clamour and bloodshed as they might decide. That cannon and strong bands of resolute men had taken complete possession of the heights around the town and were entrenching themselves on unassailable positions: that the town was provided with provisions and arms in sufficient quantities to comfortably withstand a six months' siege. The mere idea of carnage and conflagration frightened many people, and thousands of women and children and hundreds of men flocked to Park and Johannesburg stations, eager to get away. Women left their homes with the food still on the tables or cooking in the pots, taking with them no thought for the morrow in the way of clean shifts, and many cleared away penniless.

The horrors of the Railway journeys far surpass the suspense experienced by those who remained behind. Children were asphyxiated on the way, and numbers of dead bodies were interred at Bloemfontein. Not a few have caught terrible diseases as the result of the few days awful confinement in atmospheres reeking with dirt and foul air. The terrible disaster at Glencoe, Natal, was an almost direct result of the terrific rush to escape from the sanguinary throes of Revolution. On the cold steel rails and in the callous sight of Heaven, men and women were torn into shreds, father, mother, children, husband, wife, alike perished. We cannot stay to delineate the scenes of that black day, and we do not desire to do so. There were men there and women whom we had long known and loved well, the Rosettensteins, Myers, Forrests and Klissers, are names that were almost household words, and these are they whose lives have been so fearfully, cruelly, cut short. With deep

gloom hanging over the town, with tears flowing for those who had been so rudely snatched from our midst we pressed on.

A few classed the whole Reformation Movement as mere ignoble Mammonry, as but an irrational bubble surrounded by a fog of bloody complots—doubtless the world will have much to talk about reproachfully, reprovably, and may be, admonishingly. Yet we remain firm in our conviction, shattered but not annihilated, that the rock basis of the whole, the very germ is Reform, Reform. We know full well that we cannot melt granite into silver, we cannot create laws of gravitation, we cannot stride to Pretoria and metamorphose a Paul or a Wolmarans into solid, rational sympathisers, but we can be men and like men resolve to cease not agitating, with peaceful sound, with warlike note, until the present political, religious and industrial disabilities are known only as misty memories. Such vapourings and outflows of gas with which Clive and Fischer seek to thatch the face of the world cannot avail long. Truth always prevaieth, be it longer or sooner.

Those who make and stand the brunt of the test cases of liberty must never be deserted when under fire. Remember this Johannesburg in the hour of trial.

It is totally impossible for the Old ways to dominate the New much longer. We know the magnitude and the majesty of Our Cause. We know that mad refusal of equality of rights ever works out its own damnation. We know that progress irresistibly goes onward, stay education keep on taxes, shoot down freedom, all avaieth nought. If our cause will bear testing there is nothing to fear. Will it not? Try it! What vain folly to throw ill names at our heads, *Diggers News*, *Express*, and *Volkstem* like. Seek for truth and right and seek it unmasked and fearlessly. We nvite investigation. Come all the world's newspapers from the London *Times* to the *Paarl Patriot*; come all the schools of all the Universities; come all the greatest scholars of the earth from Gladstones to Borckenhagens, come all the history of all the nations; come all the diplomatic skill alive on the whole earth to-day. Yea, come Turks, Italians, Russians, Poles, Jews, Gentiles, men of all parts, degrees and culture, bring up the whole phalanx, and we shall rejoice. Light, more light! is our cry. Fiercer and fiercer light, and turn on at full tap. If we cannot stand it, let our fabric be thrown down by all means. But if we do! What!!!

PART II.

JAMESON'S HEROIC CHARGE.

"Jameson has crossed the Border with 500 men." The startling intelligence stunned the community for the first brief moments. Men turned pale and their hearts momentarily stayed its throbs, then a mighty wave of enthusiasm electrified the whole place and man stood to man, and every man would have fought to the death. The Government professing to be scared out of their wits implored the Reform Committee to send a deputation to avoid bloodshed. Messrs. Lionel Phillips, Abe Bailey and J. G. Auret, sturdy, brave fellows went down to Pretoria and arranged a 24 hours armistice. Then through, and by means of, the Governor of the Cape Colony, another 48 hours armistice was agreed to. How it was that the terms of both these armistices were not made to extend to Jameson we have never been able to discover. The wily Boer had clean outwitted the Uitlander and disaster rapidly followed. The mere thought sends a shivering through one's frame.

I will now proceed to give a true and impartial history of Jameson's ride as furnished by one who was in it from start to finish. On Sunday the 29th day of December, I was reclining on the ground half-dreamily thinking about my aged parents and the old home, I fancied I could hear the chimes of the Cathedral—I am a Grahamstown boy—when suddenly the fall-in rang out on the hot Sabbath afternoon air. For days there had been rumours afloat about Boerc instigating kafirs to fight, and the possibilities of a brush with the natives, and I hastily swept the horizon to see if there were any darkies about, but ne'er a one could I see.

When all stood in place, Dr. Jameson read a letter from Johannesburg, purporting to be an appeal from there for help to repel the Boers who were preparing to make a forty thieves cave of the town. Then followed a telegram urgently asking us to come on, and you bet every man responded with a ringing affirmative. The Dr.'s face wore an expression of calmness, but the eyes showed an unmistakable twinkle of fierce determination. The officers gave the men to understand that rough work lay before them and no man was compelled to proceed, but our fellows—all young chaps—were brave, and the thought that the women and children of Johannesburg stood in jeopardy served still more to deepen our determination to go on.

I do not think one single man thought of death. We knew the Boer too well, many of us being Africanders, to believe that we would get clean through without smelling powder. We were intensely excited and eager to go on. Jameson—by Heaven, he is a splendid fellow and the men would have followed him into the very "Mouth of Hell"—told us, "Boys, if you object to go with me to Johannesburg, you can fall out, I shall not respect you any the less," but not a toe moved, every man's hand clenched into itself still more firmly, and 480 faces sent back a silent but expressive message. Whither thou goest there shall we be, and leader and men knew each other soul to soul. Pitsani Pothlugo up to this had presented a quiet, dreamy attitude, but now all was bustling activity. Horses were hastily cleaned and fed, guns and accoutrements cleaned and thoroughly overhauled, and all hands were hard at work, hard at it to hurry the start. That day saw the last of a decent square meal for us. One brief hour after the Dr.'s address everything was in complete apple-pie order, and Quick March quickened every pulse in our veins as the familiar words had never before. Just as the sun was dipping westwards we turned our faces south-eastwards, Eastwards to Johannesburg and glory or eastwards to the Boer bullet and the grave. It was to be a daring dash for the Rand, 190 miles were to be covered in two days, only those who have had to march across Transvaal hills and Transvaal swamps and bogs with heavy cannon and with laden Scotch carts can appreciate at all the magnitude of the undertaking. Not a few of us Africanders, who knew something of the country had strong misgivings but mum's the word and no matter if it took 4 days we meant to be

there. There were 480 men in the column, three mule waggons, several Scotch carts, eight maxims and three Whitworth cannons. It was truly as I have already said a dash through, there was to be no sleep or precious little, no food or just a hasty peck or so, it was one incessant "Push on, Men, push on," and from the other end, imagination could hear the Boer firing, and the wails of agony sent up by women and children and we pushed on with a vengeance.

All that night, all Monday and Monday night it was canter, canter, and the clanking of bits and the clatter of the horses' iron shod hoofs wakened up the quietude of the country through which we were now passing. It wasn't all plain cantering, oh, no! every now and then something would go amiss—the bally mules, whenever a sandy batch was reached, would refuse to stir; and just as frequently at every spruit one of the wagons would get stuck and as obstinately as the mules, refused to budge one inch. Nothing could have daunted us, it was Forward at all hazards.

After we had proceeded a considerable distance on our way, a horseman dashed up and handed a package to Dr. Jameson, what the Dr. replied I could not tell. Someone remarked it must be an order from some one to prevent us going on any further, but the welcome order "Forward March" dispelled all doubt, it was not for us to stop and enquire the why, ours but to do or die. Backwards, never, that way lay shame, ignominy, life long jeers; in front, were heroic deeds, noble self-sacrifice, salvation, some thought, to women and children, freedom to our friends. Of course, there was the black colouring of the valley of death, but what of that, death with glory is a soldiers' heritage.

Halts were made after every couple of hours, and whatever time we had at our disposal was devoted almost exclusively to the horses, every man felt that in the condition of our horses our hopes lay. True, hunger's gnawings refused denial, and we ate whenever a moment could be spared in which to pass a crumb of bread or a bit of corned beef to the mouth, but those spare moments were mighty few and far between. Here you could see a young fellow with a lump of bread in one hand and a bundle of forage in the other, feeding himself and horse at the same time; there another with a curry comb in one hand and a tin of corned beef in the other, a fair and square meal was utterly impossible. As for sleeping, the excitement of the ride and the vivid pictures that flashed through one's brains, kept

up fevered excitement at such an awful tension that I, for one, could not sleep, and it is a solemn fact that in all the three days of our fiercely forced march not a man slept more than half a dozen hours in all. Of course, this sort of thing could not go on for ever without having a damaging effect, physically, both on men and animals.

— When a halt was made at Elands River it was all too plain that the strain was too great, and Fred—a particular pal of mine—remarked : Look here, Jim, when we get into a conflict we will not have strength enough to cope with the foe. I said nothing in reply, but felt everything and saw a good deal more ; the men began to look worn out, and the horses exhibited jaded symptoms, my body felt stiff and sore, the inner sides of my thighs were burning to a painful degree, gripping spasms passed through my bowels, and my head seemed as if it was't rightly screwed on. No sleep, no food, high-pitched excitement, intense anxiety for the fate of Johannesburg, all told heavily on the strength of the men.

Ample preparations seemed to have been made along the line of march, stores having been erected along the road, but what earthly good were food and provisions for man and beast when no time was given in which to gulp them down. At nights no lights gleamed from tiny tents—there was no such thing as pitching tents. It was nothing but the clank of hoofs and the murmurs of hundreds of voices, and often clouds of stifling dust. For hours I lived on dust, breathed it, bit at it in the little food I managed to put away inside.

Far away in the distance a horseman was now and then observable, spectral in the gathering gloom, and they would leave behind them pillars of dust which seemed to mount the very skies. Here and there we would come across a group of shabby ill tempered Boer horses wallowing in the wearisome veld which stretched for miles in unbroken plains across treeless wastes. The Artillery creaked slowly forward ; all too slowly for our impulsive spirits.

When we started our men mounted on fine handsome steeds made a brilliant appearance, but now—Tuesday morning—they were indescribably dusty and worn. Hunger and insomnia were rapidly compelling the most amiable men to take a more philosophical view of the position. The day was spent in marching, the night was all spent in march, march, it was one continual march. One young

chap, poor fellow, he lies at Doornkop; a lithe sinewy, square-faced pale youth, with shrewd twinkling eyes, small hands and feet, nerves of steel, said to me "Exhaustion will save the Boers much work, my body is trembling with fatigue." I cheered him up with stories of the wonders of the Golden City—he had never seen it—and now, alas, he has gone to the City afar. He was only twenty years of age, but as brave a lad as ever buckled on a sword.

As we travelled on, chains of hills arose in the stretch before us, and a sense of foreboding fastened on me as we rode towards the hills. I knew that the Boer is far and away the finest guerilla warrior in the world, that his bravery and sagacity are strongest when his body is safely screened behind stones, and I shuddered to think what would happen if those big kopjes in front were occupied by the enemy, every stone a Burger and every Burgher a sharpshooter, but I kept my fears to myself. Many of our fellows beguiled the fearful hours of hurry by snatches of song, by anecdotes; there was very little humour about, the grimness of the situation was too much for that. For all that there were some chaps as nonchalant as if they were going to a ball—we were going to a ball, a ball of balls and death. Sir John Willoughby was the life and soul of the party, even under the hottest fire his hilarity of spirit was unquenchable. Jameson was chatty but not jocular, he wore a dignified and a sort of solemn countenance right through—he is a noble fellow, thick set, with a magnificent skull piece set on broad shoulders, and a heart in his breast that knows no fear and yet is as tender as that of a child. When our first man fell, pierced through the head with a Boer bullet, a tear stood in the good Doctor's eye, and his voice was tinged with emotion. At Doornkop he fairly broke down on hearing of the surrender; but of that more later on.

On Tuesday the afternoon sun flashed upon the tops of scores of polished gunbarrels with dazzling splendour. Our fellows brightened up at the probability of a brush, and a squad made a charge for the troop of Staats Artillery, but alas, Fred's prognostications were verified, our tired horses hadnt sufficient go left. After this slight divertment we continued our march.

That night the Boers opened fire upon us, it was a desultory rifle rattle, but it nevertheless killed one of our men and

wounded another. This compelled us to form camp, and pickets were thrown out to prevent surprise. This little brush sent a tinge of joy through our force, as we anxiously looked for the morrow, fully believing in our invincibility. We had received strict orders not to fire first, the Boers had now opened fire and we felt that brisk hours were at hand. All that night not a man enjoyed even the proverbial forty winks. There was no murmur of exultation or execration amongst the boys, feeling was deep but audible expression of it was lacking. Frank —— was humming "I only yield Thee what is Thine." Sad to relate he had a few days before then received a letter from home telling him of the death of his mother and of her last desire how she wished him to so live that in death he might be with her. At Doornkop he breathed his last, suffering agony for several minutes. He beckoned to me as the bullets whistled around us, he was about five yards from me, I crawled up to him and put my ear to his lips, all he said in a faint wisper was "Mother."

I could tell you scores of tales, stories that would invariably redound to the credit of our boys—they were a splendid lot of men, all sound, young and bouyant, sober and steady, and not a few of them God fearing lads too, though here and there one or two were fair demons. Our officers were the right sort, there was none of that broad distinction twixt officers and men that you find in regulars, and still we respected and loved every one of them. Brave as lions they stood to be shot at, and under the terrible hail of lead that was pouring upon us at Doornkop their coolness was deeply inspiring. The greatest coward would not dare to flinch when led to victory or death by such men as Jameson or Grey or Willoughby or Heaney or any single one of the others. Throughout the trials of the march the officers had the same commons as the men, and share and share alike was the rule. The complete command was invested in Sir John Willoughby, Bart, with Colonel White as first officer, but every man looked upon Dr. Jameson as the virtual leader.

At daybreak we swiftly saddled up and made tracks for Krugersdorp. We halted about fifteen miles from that village, terribly done up. The tragic interest deepened with startling intensity from the moment that we had been fired upon, but still man is but flesh and blood and we could scarcely get about the work before us. My brain seemed to be in a whirl

my legs were raw from being continuously in the saddle, and their smarting sometimes almost drove me mad. And yet our officers cry was forward fast and forward faster—no time to sleep, eat or even pray. The horses devoured everything that was placed before them, but we were past eating, what we now sadly needed was sleep; a few hours sleep at this juncture might have changed the course of subsequent events. We were buoyed up by the hope that from Johannesburg—the stronghold of the Reform Movement, and the place that we were risking our lives for—assistance would surely come along, and, already, all eyes scanned the country to the front, in hopes of alighting upon a relief column. I feared that exhaustion would overcome us before we could get much further.

Up to this we had suffered but trifling interruption from the opposing force, but, within sight of Krugersdorp, hot work began in earnest. The Boers, who must have sprung to arms in marvellous haste, soon showed themselves in continued and rapidly increasing numbers, and awakened us to the fact that a supreme effort to reach Johannesburg must be made without a moment's delay; else, our fate would soon be sealed. We looked for a complete triumph and fought for it.

During the day, young Eloff was brought in a prisoner by the scouts. He was mounted on a magnificent black horse. He was detained for a short time, then released. The scouts brought in news that the Transvaal Artillery were ahead in strong numbers, and that Boers were arriving from all points of the compass. The dreariness and the weariness of the march had become unbearable, and Artillery or squad of Boers in thousands as a break to the gloomy tedium would have been a welcome to every one of us. But though rumour was rife, the enemy kept well out of sight.

Shortly afterwards two young fellows on bicycles rode up, and told us that two thousand men were coming from Johannesburg to our assistance; further that the President and the Johannesburgers had come to terms, by which the latter had secured all their demands. The cheerful tidings brightened us up considerably, and we felt as if re-invigorated by some powerful elixir of life: The tired, worn feeling had given way to a sensation of delight. The terrible aches and pains of jaded brain and smarting legs had given way to delightful thoughts of the grand reception awaiting us at Johannesburg. Every man

pictured to himself a phantasmagoria, in which a great, beautiful city went forth in gay colours to receive and entertain a small band of sturdy young fellows who had risked everything for its salvation. Most of us had dear friends in Johannesburg, and could almost feel the hearty grip of a pal's hand. But, alas, too soon we found that those rascally cyclists, I wish I had them near me now, had befooled us.

We were off-saddled at a wayside inn, and had decided to remain here and await the relief column from Johannesburg. Jokes filled the air and brightness merrily chased sorrow and discomfort away. Amongst our troop were all sorts, conditions and temperaments of men. Some of our fellows were mighty masters of jest, from that which tickles to that which simply smashes the victim into pulp. We had the merry chap—the malicious marvel, the eloquent conversationalist, the man with a poetic view, the humorous side splitter, the anecdote slinger, University men, farmer lads, and one and all jolly, rollicking, brave-hearted fellows. Every officer had a hearty, unaffected manner that was positively winning. But peace was sent to flight by the news that the Boers were in great numbers behind and before us, and the scouts brought in the information that the Boers were coming on fast from all points of the compass.

We knew now beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Boers were compassing us round about, and that soon we would be moving in the midst of the quick and the dead. Skirmishers were quickly thrown forward, and forward moved the whole column up a tolerably steep hill. As soon as we touched the ridge of the rising ground, we beheld a sight that could not but make a profound impression upon us, we could see a considerable stretch of country, and before, behind us, to right and leftwards, Boers were preparing to receive us, and their strength seemed to be continuously augmented from the far back lands. The Boers immediately started to volley and thunder, and for fully three-quarters of an hour an angry storm of lead raged around our heads. Between us and the Boers there stretched a deep valley, fully 600 yards across and on the heights around this valley massive blocks of stone belched forth a rain of lead. We could see stones and hit them too: we could see the glistening front of guns, but not a smooth or grizzly head of the foe would show itself.

A and B Troop of the Matabeland Mounted Police were sent forward to dislodge the Boers, but the horses were too knocked up to stand a charge and the Boer firing far too hot so that the cavalry were compelled to hastily retire. Right alongside of me, young Charlie ——— was struck in the abdomen by a musket bullet and fell to the ground, he was a fine-looking lad, and I almost wept with grief when I noticed how rapidly his life was ebbing away. His face, which was deep pale, was strikingly handsome and even in the throes of death, his eyes shot forth the fiery flash of the dauntless soul. We were quite within the fire line and every whistling bullet seemed to convey on its way a message of death. Our shells were constantly screaming around the Boers, and were continually falling with ominous crash close beside them. Our officers were cool as cucumber, they stood as if the very air around them was iron bound. Puffs of smoke and jets of fire were swept up from every blessed stone and the air was soon filled with smoke. Our men and horses both alike had but little elasticity in their steps and the officers must have perceived that they had committed a blunder in overriding man and horse. To expect a charge was simply ridiculous, the horses had already expended their best service and could do no more. If we had had two or three hundred fresh horses a brilliant charge would most certainly have dislodged the Boers. They will not come to close quarters. They are past masters in the art of guerilla warfare, screening themselves behind every available cover—and I do not blame them for it—but they will not come out into the open and fight on even terms. Firing was kept up right through the night. Unfortunately for us the moon's glistening rays revealed our whereabouts and offered us up as targets throughout the hours that would have been more profitably employed in slumber.

A rapid consultation was held and it was determined to go on towards Johannesburg, via Doornkop; to remain in the position we were in, would have been sheer madness. To avoid the fearful boggy valley below us a big twist had to be made, and a good deal of valuable time was wasted. We made for the Klip River Ford, and again the Boers saluted us with a storm of bullets. Nothing, however, served to frighten our fellows or daunt them.

That fight added a new lustre to Dr. Jameson's phenomenal reputation. "Steady, brave lads," he cried, "keep calm." and

cool and erect he faced every bullet in search of a billet, death to him had absolutely, "No Sting." The Boers were potting off the horses, and the dying screams of the poor animals touched many a young fellow's heart, we had our favourite steeds. We could not see a Boer, but from behind stones in a thousand directions, distorted by the smoke, their muskets seemed like uncouth monsters from whose throats leaped forth globes of flame. The uproar of the battle rose and swelled until it became fearful to hear, like the strange, unearthly sound heard on board a ship when labouring in a gale. In the contest of this day our men fought splendidly and though we fought on to defeat or death, every man was that day doing his duty.

The Boers were driven before us, but they only retreated to take up stronger positions; we fought like demons, determined to cross the river. Many of our best fellows were dropping fast, and the fight was assuming a veritable dance of death. Near the river we found ourselves completely hemmed in between stony prominences alive with Boers, their vitality being only apparent in blaze and bullets—their bodies always completely sheltered by rocks.

The last stand was one of the most thrilling and terrible incidents of the whole march. Men fought against tremendous odds, and against an unseen but deadly foe, with fiercest determination. Every man had now given up all hope of help from Johannesburg—the very thought of the place sent a gloom through the air. The Maxims became too hot to work and when their roar ceased we felt that all was up. Dr. Jameson's face was covered with dust and smoke, his eyes were bloodshot and his voice broken. His great heart felt grieved that Johannesburg, at the critical moment was found wanting. The last I saw of him was just as the white flag was hoisted, he was then engaged giving his horse water. As soon as the flag of truce went up I cleared from the scene and hid myself in a trench. I know no more. Had reinforcements been sent the disaster at Doornkop would never have occurred.

Our losses throughout the campaign in killed was not more than eighteen men. The proportion of wounded was much greater, there must have been quite forty men wounded in the different engagements. We may not have killed many Boers, but we done to death a devil of a lot of stones, and behind every slain stone a Boer was hiding.

In Johannesburg the feeling had become one of awful suspense. It was known that Jameson's men were hotly engaged and every heart feared that the gallant little band of rescuers would be shot down to a man. From the "Gold Fields windows Rhodes, Phillips, and Leonard, outwitted by the Boers, hours after Jameson's surrender, gave forth that he was safe and coming in. The crowd gathered and anxiously snatched at every bit of news. But the sad news came at last and grief and alarm filled the place, men wept at Jameson's fate." But for all that can be said against the march the lurid glory of Dr. Jameson's ride and surrender will be held in passionate remembrance so long as the hearts of Englishmen—nay, so long as the hearts of all who are men—continue to beat true to their best traditions. Dr. Jameson was a hero before ; he is ten times a hero to-day. The names of Jameson and his brave men are for ever enshrined on the pages of history ; the fault redeemed, obliterated, and forgotten ; the motive transfigured with a radiance which will never die. It is an uthenasia for all the brave and desperate men who were engaged in it. The city has shed and is still shedding abundant tears over those who fell in action, and our hearts will bleed for them for may a long time to come."

When the call came to lay down arms to save Jameson, Johannesburg, though the act brought us down to the lowest depths of humility, willingly submitted to everything for our great hero's sake.

Our men are now in prison, and, God knows, when they will be liberated. Our businesses are swiftly going to ruin and yet, notwithstanding, these we patiently bear all for liberty's sweet sake.

The Drama has not ended it is only just BEGINNING !

Reader, what is your verdict, Jameson justified or condemned ?

THE END

JAMESON'S HEROIC CHARGE.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL LIST OF KILLED.

JAMESON'S COLUMN.

Captain Barry, died in hospital,	Trooper Myers,
Corporal Beard,	„ Betsoe,
„ Marce,	„ Edwards,
Trooper Lamb,	„ Fraser,
„ Shippard,	„ Wiid, died in hospital,
„ Still,	„ Hutchinson,
„ Coghill,	„ Stone,
„ Black,	„ Reeland,
„ Forster,	„ Hennessy,

WOUNDED.—JAMESON'S COLUMN.

Captain C. J. Coventry,	Trooper L. H. Stapleton,
Sergeant B. McCracken,	„ G. Potter,
„ E. G. Barnes,	„ G. R. Payne,
Corporal F. Dreyer,	„ H. C. Gibbs,
„ D. Fraser,	„ H. Marchant,
„ S. Burrows,	„ S. Bruce,
Trooper William McLaughlan,	„ F. Nickson,
„ F. Mostyn,	„ E. A. Berry,
„ M. Den,	„ H. Beadon,
„ F. M. Brooke,	„ G. Wilson,
„ G. McVetty,	„ B. R. Philbrick,
„ F. Stannard,	„ F. W. Brown,
„ G. Pomeroy,	„ F. A. Hays,
„ H. A. Callenan,	„ Kolonel Grey,
„ G. A. Palmer,	„ G. B. Lamb,
„ A. M. Rowley,	„ Czalet.
„ T. R. Lynn,	„ Lennard Garringe.
„ D. M. Fyvie,	

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Hillier, A P	

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 White, George I.
 Wilson, David
 Wagstaff, St John
 Whites, Joseph
 Walker, Thomas
 Wetherell, George John
 Wilson, Alfred
 Walker, Fred
 Walters, Alfred Edward
 Wichain, Thomas
 Wilmot, William McDonald
 Weare, Reupert A.

JAMESON'S HEROIC CHARGE.

39

Wervo, Edmund Wardle
Waltenstorff, Albert
Wilmot, George Rates
Wentle, George Stanley

Webb, Benjamin Webb
Young, Chinnery Rogers
Zeiss, Edward Charles

Basson, Albertus Johns, Conductor to 2 wagons.

Ferguson, Jack } Drivers.
Haggblad, Erwin }

Lammas, Matthew	-	-	-	Conductor
Leesching, Fred	-	-	-	Clerk
McDonald, John	-	-	-	Storeman
Garraway, Edward	-	-	-	Surgeon, B.S.A.
Garlick, Burleigh	-	-		Servant to Dr. Jameson
Petit, George	-	-	-	Servant to Capt. Grenville

BOERS KILLED.—OFFICIAL LIST.

S. van Tonder, accident by Burghers.

A. Potieger, do.

P. P. Venter, by enemy.

G. Jacobs „

D. McDonald „

BOERS SICK AND WOUNDED.

Klaas Cronje.

B. van der Berg.

Philip van der Walt.

C. P. Roos, Sick.

Van der Merwe „

D. Strijdom „

O'Grady, „

P. Bezuidenhout, Accident.

Certified by DR. VIJJOEN,

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Krugersdorp.

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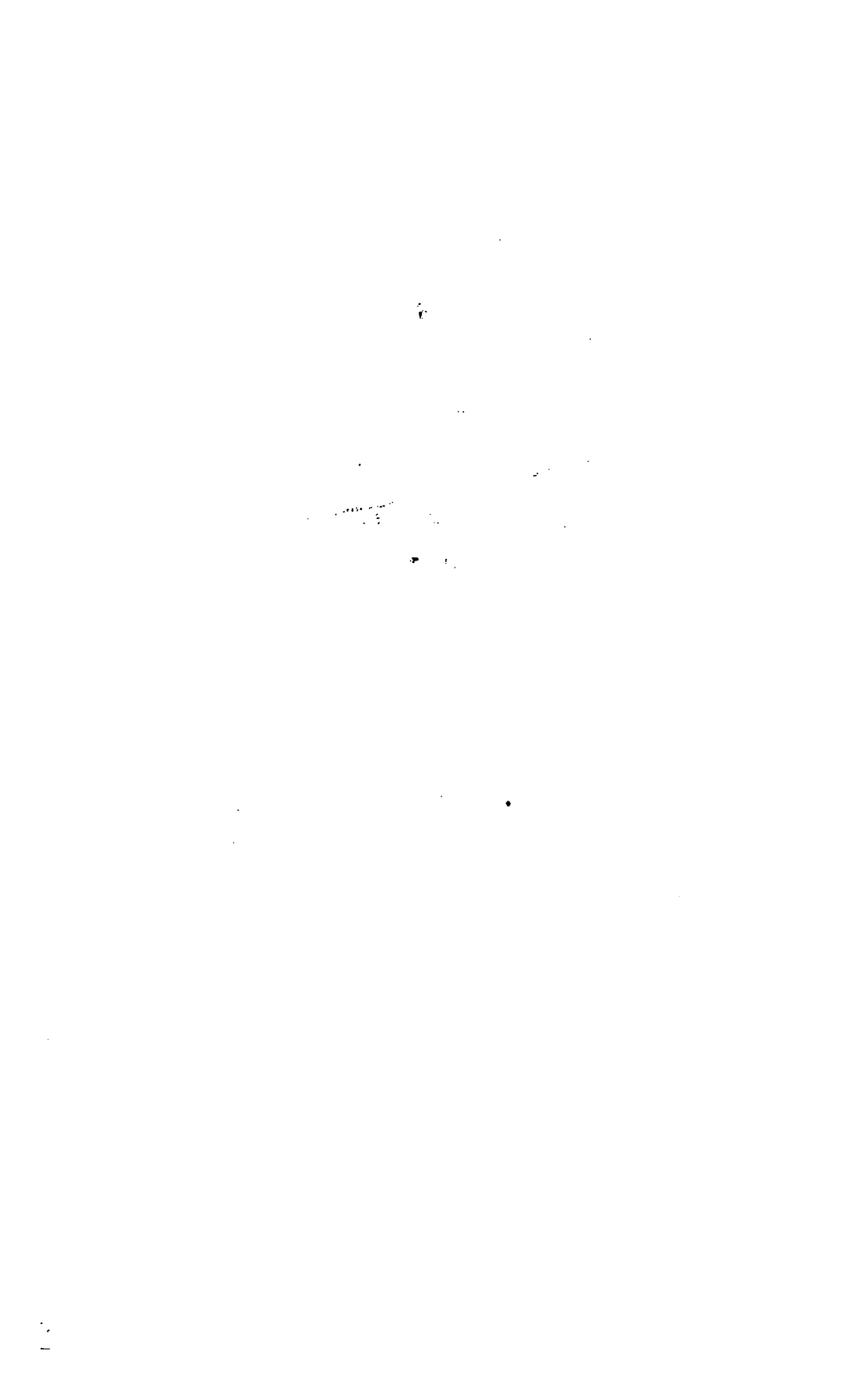
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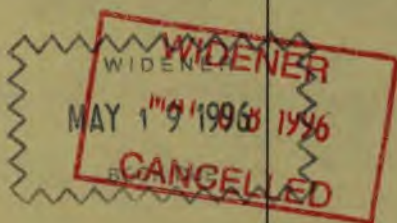
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